

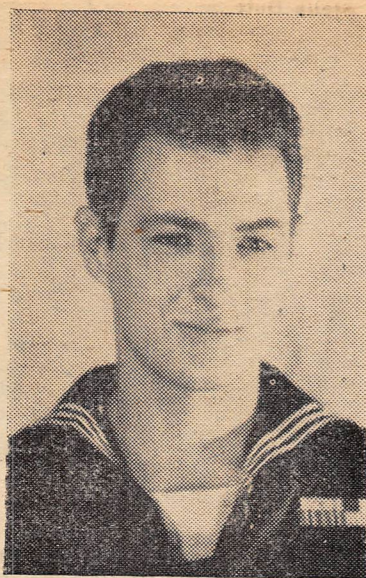
LT. GEORGE RAYMOND WOOD JR.

Above is the picture of tall, dark and handsome, 20 year old Raymond, who, too, is my "brother". For, if not for his mother, Mrs. Camilla Bonnell, I often wonder what would have happened to me during the months of my illness. Ray is a six footer and first cousin of Lt. Jimmy Gaston, and he is a great guy. He was educated in the Organic but graduated from Central High in Memphis, Tenn., where he lived with his uncle Walter Roberts, a U.S. Government Engineer. He was in ROTC during his school days. Inducted on August 19, '43, and received his basic at Gulfport, Miss. On Oct. 1st of that year he left for Houghton, Mich., where he received 4 months of college education and enjoyed skiing and snow-shoe hiking as well. On Feb. 2, '44 he left for Santa Ana, Calif., classified as "pilot trainee" and was there three months in "pre-flight" and for primary training to Glendale, Arizona. (May '23 to August 6). Until Nov. 20 he was at Gardner Field, Taft, Calif., for his basic and was assigned to a twin engine advanced school at Marfa, Texas. There he completed the required course and graduated at a 2nd Lt. Needless to say, he was quite excellent in all his studies.

After 15 enjoyable days in Fairhope, and reporting back to Marfa, he was assigned to the 1st Troop Carrier Command at Maxton, N. C., Air Base, where all pilots must be qualified in both, power and glider. It is glider training that he is getting now and enjoys it too. He expects to go across upon completing this course.

HERMAN P. STUERSEL, R. M. 1-c

Herman, 24 years old is a vet with the Coast Guards, being a member of that branch since 1940. He received his training at Radio School in Curtis Bay, Md., and graduated with honors. Then he applied for technical training and got that from the Radio Eng. and Maintenance School at Ft. Trumbull, Conn., and assigned to duty at the East side of Lake Michigan at Charlevoix, Mich. There, he received a call from Washington, D. C., that he be transferred to the Naval Ex-

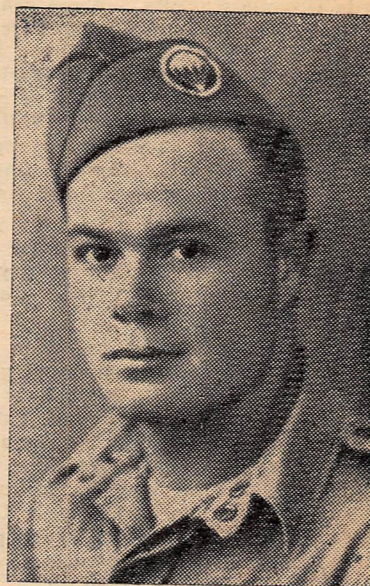


AUDREY MANIX

The beautiful "Southern Bell" is the fiancée of M.-Sgt. William Stuersel, of Fairhope. Audrey is the only child of an old New Orleans French family, where she was born in May of 1926, and has studied dancing since early in her life. It is while at a USO in California, where

Audrey danced, that Bill met her soon after his return from Attu in the Aleutians where he experienced some six months of atmospheric bleakness and terrific battle that which he miraculously survived. So Audrey, who was the toast of the evening (naturally, with all her beauty), surrounded by all kinds of cadets (he was but a sarge then), Audrey was a wonderful treat and compensation for those six months. Audrey's father (whose rank I do not know) was then also stationed in California as a naval instructor. The family lives now in New Orleans, and has visited Fairhope.

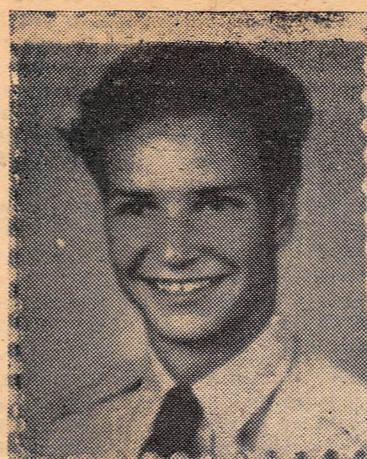
Willie was born in 1918 in Taylorville, Illinois. But he is no yankee, for since the age of two he lived in the South. He enlisted in the Army in March, 1942. Received his training in San Francisco, Calif. Then Attu. Then, he had a furlough home and back to Monterey, Calif. Finally to San Antonio, Texas, and engagement to Audrey. He is presently in Germany with the 9th Army, and once again experiencing all the rigors of war. Besides Will and Hermna who is a Coast Guard, there are two sisters, Marietta, very vivacious, excellent pianist and a Jolly, winning girl. And a sister of 14,



PVT. CABBOT BOOTHE

I don't know Cabbot, but all Organic kids speak well of him. I reckon, the fact that he is Organic there is no doubt but that he is a swell lad. I am still to see one who isn't. His letters to me are very friendly and bear no marks that we are strangers, so to speak.

Cabbot is a paratrooper. Has been overseas since August 1943 and participated in several battles including that of Anzio beach-head. He was hospitalized soon after with a bad case of double pneumonia which he overcame as bravely as he did battles. In August 1944 he participated in the Invasion of Southern France, and during the Christmas season he was one of those that were trapped in the Bastogne area. And now, this group are called by General Patton "The Battling Boys of Bastogne". He was recently awarded the European theatre of war operation ribbon with 4 stars; good conduct ribbon and presidential unit cl-



S.-SG MORDY R. ARNOLD, USMC

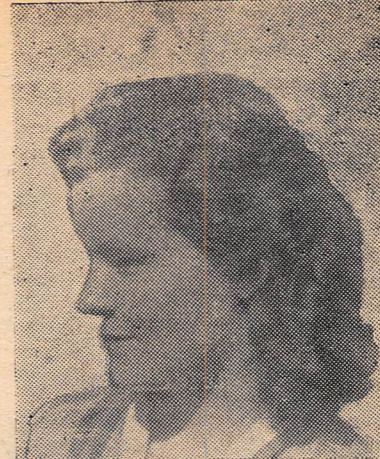
If I should try to describe all the fine qualities Mordy owns, I fear, "people will say we're in love", as the popular tune goes. So, I'll not enumerate them, for all Fairhopians know that he is as grand a lad as they come, true to the Arnold tradition, and equally industrious. He and Marney Lowell were the inspiration to Organic students. In one year in the Marines he became a Staff Sergeant, and that's doing good, considering how hard it is to achieve rank among Marines. He is tall, dark and handsome, a good dancer and a folk festival vet. While in the service he did very little changing about camps. Camp LeJune and Cherry Point, (N. C.), was all he saw of camps. Presently he is across in the Pacific.

Equal attributes were owned by Pat Aldridge, who died for his country 14 months ago, and his death was greatly grieved by all.

Claude Arnold QM 2-c has seen service the longest. Was overseas a great bit of his time. Pacific, Canal Zone and European theatre, and helped out in bringing the men to the Norman invasion. Claude suffered injuries in his knee and was hospitalized in Scotland for some three months and is presently in Good Ole Fairhope. Claude is the proud papa of three lovely children and owns a sweet and beautiful wife, Jo.

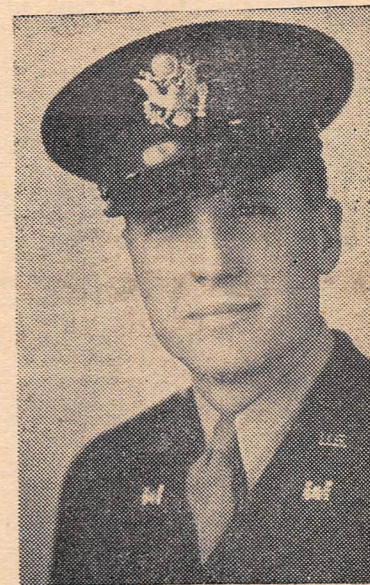
Sgt. Arthur Thomas, husband of Sue Arnold, is in England and a tail gunner on a B-29 and has seen plenty service in his 4 months over seas. Tho I don't know Arthur personally, but if he is Sue's husband he must be a grand person too, and they sure have two of the loveliest kids: boy and a girl.

The most recent addition to the Arnold family is Cpl. Robert King, husband of Grace. Who but a month ago crossed the Pacific. He is both, in the army and the navy. It seems the navy can't get along with out him so they adopted him and from the army and he is with the moveable machine boat ground crew. He started as a glider pilot and landed on a ship (so it seems). His mail is FPO. He is a Californian and met Grace in the Fairhope USO while he was stationed at Brookley Field, Ala. According to the picture, he is quite a handsome guy, and I am sure the picture can't lie to such an extent.



EDNA ROCKWELL

Charming and lovable is Edna, her qualities are many, as are her virtues and accomplishments. Besides being our reporter for Fairhope, she is also an excellent pianist and singer and a dancer too. She also solo's at the Christian Science Church of Fairhope. Edna belongs to that fine set of Organic and native Fairhope gals of the same category with Phyllis Roberts, Elizabeth Slaughter, the Nichols girls and like the girls who graduated last year and will graduate this year. One swell bunch. But that is typical of all Organic girls and boys as well. Edna is quite active on the campus and with the OMGR and there is no doubt that she will make a most wonderful wife to the man she weds, and who ever he will be he certainly will be a lucky man.



LT. JAMES E. GASTON Jr.

Jimmy, 24 years all, tall (6 ft. 6") dark and handsome, grandson of the founding fathers of Fairhope, is the owner of the heroic and courageous spirit as becoming to the tradition of his family. A real Organic, also attended the Ala. A. P. I. at Auburn. Below I reprint in part taken from "Four by Four" published 44th Div. of the 7th Army.

With The 44th Infantry Division

The 44th Division's Engineers have seen a lot of excitement, but they still consider that they reached one of their high points the other night when they swiped a plane right from under Jerry's nose.

The plane was a perfectly good P-51 which Jerry was all set to appropriate. The pilot had belly-landed in the snow of no-man's land about mid-afternoon. The Krauts, who like nothing better than to get hold of a good American fighter plane, moved up and established a line around the ship. Obviously they were going to strip it or move it out after dark.

But they didn't reckon with our Engineers. The Jerries knew the plane was in their own outpost line, and they knew that the area was alive with mines and trip flares. So they didn't even bother to put a guard around the ship.

At dark, a squad led by Lt. James Gaston, Fairhope, Alabama went out to get the plane.

The Engineers brought along yards of extra cable. They moved silently over the snow, yard by yard, waiting for Jerry to do something. Nothing happened. Suddenly there was a loud snap and a trip flare went off. The Engineers froze in position, but still no Jerry fire.

Soon the silhouette of the plane loomed. The Engineers wrapped the cable around the propeller shaft, waiting every minute for the Jerries to discover them. When the cable was secure, they followed their tracks back to the 44th lines, reeling out the cable.

Other Engineers had wheeled a six ton truck into a little valley behind the 55th lines, and Lt. Gaston's crew hitched their cable to the truck's winch. They started the motor and there was a long anxious moment of waiting. Then the cable began to wind slowly around the winch.

By now Jerry had discovered what was happening and he was hopping mad. Machine gun and rifle fire sputtered angrily. But the plane was sliding smoothly over the snow of no-man's land. Within a minute the ship was in front of the truck and in defilade from Jerry.

The Engineers turned the truck around and dragged the plane another 500 yards just to make sure. When the job was finished Jones said, "I'll bet some Jerry C. O. catches hell for this.—Another Engineer piped up,—Oh, it's just the old Engineer method, you know,—Daylight Reconnaissance, Moonlight Requisition. —

Here too is an excerpt from a letter sent by his buddy Lt. Finley to Mr. J. E. Gaston Sr.

"I'm going to send you a copy of a little article in our division paper concerning Jim and a P-51. Now if I know Jim he's goin to discount the credit he was given but pay no attention to him. Since the paper is not sent outside the division, and if they printed anything that stretched the truth the fellows would laugh the truth the fellows would laugh the paper out of existence.

"What we can say here, Mr. Gaston, is so limited, but let me say in conclusion. I have seen your boy Jim take (not send) his men in there where it's hot. And in my opinion that makes a soldier."